

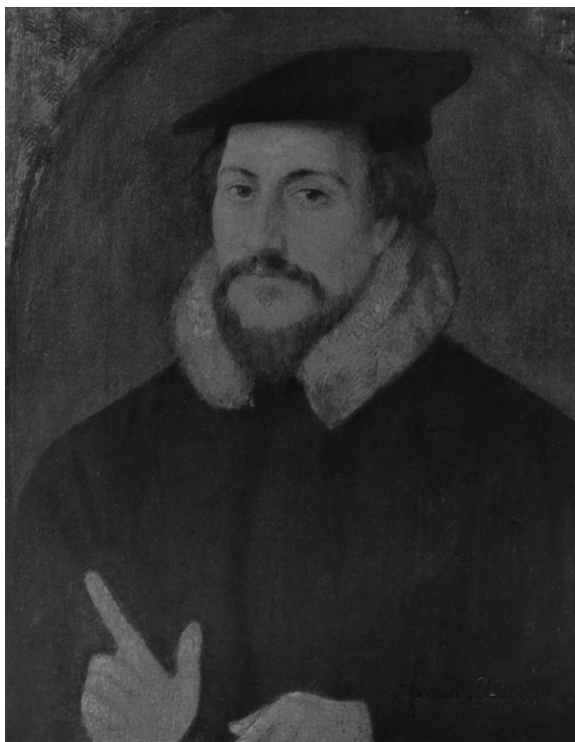
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Renovating My Academic Administration

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Calvin College's Fine Arts Center has been my academic home for a very long time. In this building, as an undergraduate, I first imagined a career in academia—as a professor, of course, not as an academic administrator. In the Fine Arts Center I now teach writing courses, direct the first-year writing program, and co-chair the English Department, the latter job landing me on the committee that planned and supervised a major renovation of the building. In a hard hat and steel-toed shoes, I entered the construction site to attend meetings of the committee. Each meeting began with a site tour. Plastic sheeting partitioned the building into work areas; wires dangled from dark recesses high overhead; sawhorses and caution tape barricaded hallways where the floor dropped away and the roof opened to the sky.

On the first tour, I was surprised to encounter a portrait of John Calvin still hanging where it had when I was an undergraduate, a permanent feature of the building, it seems, as no one can remember a time before the portrait hung in that spot. Why had the portrait been left behind? A cheap reproduction of a mediocre painting, the portrait had little monetary value, but it must have been at least as valuable as the office trash cans that were put into storage. At Calvin College, of all places, a portrait of John Calvin is unlikely to have been forgotten. Perhaps it remained as a bit of Protestant goading—what worker could slack off under Calvin's watchful gaze? Or maybe the opportunity for irony was just too great: where would a religious reformer feel more at home than in the middle of a renovation? After all, tangled in the etymology of the word “renovate” are mentions of spiritual rebirth and the distinctively Christian emphasis on the new reinvigorating the old, an emphasis evident in the relationship of the Old and New Testaments and certainly in Protestantism itself, with its radical definition of “church” flouting centuries of Roman Catholic theology and ecclesiastical practice.



Encountering a renovated Calvin?

The portrait itself seems to be an attempted renovation of Calvin's image. Because John Calvin did not sit for painters until late in his life, and then infrequently, painters have relied on written descriptions of Calvin, descriptions that record his difficult personality, controversial leadership style, and frequent bouts of illness. Consequently, most portraits of Calvin border on caricature; many depict Calvin in profile, perhaps better to emphasize the length of his sharp nose, the sickly slackness in his cheeks, the thinness of his hair and beard, and certainly the depth of his frown. In the portrait hanging in the construction site, however, Calvin faces the viewer, a young man with soft features, a slight smile, and warm, questioning eyes. Calvin's right hand points heavenward, as if he were teaching or preaching, and the kindness of his visage makes me want to listen. I've taken the memory of this portrait hanging amid construction chaos as a metaphor for the influence of my religious faith on my administrative work, a welcome remedy for a problem that vexed me as I began working on this essay: how could I fairly represent spiritual influences that are both subtle and pervasive, influences that are new and those that have always been a part of my life?

I continue to practice the Reformed Christianity of my family, a faith tradition of theologies and cultural practices brought to North America by nineteenth-century Dutch immigrants, a faith tradition that emphasizes Christian schooling to affirm the common grace evident in natural world and human culture even as it seeks to "redeem" them both. I grew up in a community founded by those immigrants; I graduated from one of those schools. And I am an academic administrator at a college that is shaped by the Dutch immigrant experience and Reformed Christian theology. In ways that surprise and delight me, the theologies and cultural practices of this staid immigrant community rejuvenate my approach to academic administration.

Laboring to describe this rejuvenation, I have found value in James Paul Gee's concept of figured worlds. Gee describes a figured world as "a picture of a simplified world that captures what is taken to be typical or normal" (71). Similar in function to major premises or warrants (though more material and more dramatic), these pictures of what is normal shape human action, according to Gee, by helping "people go on about the business of life when one is not allowed the time to think through and research everything before acting" (70). Of course, while figured worlds help people act efficiently, they can also create significant problems. They emphasize patterns and consistencies at the expense of exceptions, outliers, and contradictions; consequently, they can nourish generalizations and stereotypes. They dehistoricize and decontextualize practices and beliefs, turning particulars from one historical period or a dominant cultural group into norms that should seem to apply to all people for all time (88). As a result, according to Gee, "the taken-for-granted nature of the figured world . . . often stands in the way of change. Reforms just do not seem 'normal' or 'right' or 'the way things should be'" (Gee 72).

Academic administrators are painfully aware of how difficult it can be to change the habits and assumptions of students, faculty, legislators, and the public. For example, Linda Adler-Kassner opens *The Activist WPA* by describing the long history of "alarmist stories about student writers or college-level writing," stories that draw on an intransigent figured world of higher education being populated by students of declining abilities and faculty of increasing ineptitude (1). Although writing program administrators have organized into a national group (the Council of Writing Program Administrators) and

sponsored research that demonstrates the fallacy of such presumptions, we have been unable to reform these attitudes.

Academic administrators are probably less aware of what they themselves assume to be normal, a situation that Donald Hall attempts to remedy with his a fourteen-step "guide on how to destroy a department" (539). For example, in his second step, Hall recommends that English department chairs base their relationship with the dean on the problematic but pervasive figured world of academic administrators as "mindless, soulless bureaucrats; they are failed scholars and teachers, who find administration an easy way to puff themselves up with self-importance. Deans and provosts are especially pathetic" (540). Of course, none of us want to imagine ourselves as one of *those* department chairs, but if we are honest, we might be able to admit to how often we characterize other administrators this way.

Despite the intransigence of figured worlds, Gee suggest that they can be altered, that renovation *is* possible: "as society changes, what people take as typical can and does change. Figured worlds are not static" (71). In my own field of rhetoric and composition, scholarly interest in the relationship of religious faith and student writing has begun to challenge the idea of a strict separation of "church" and "state," a figured world in which religious faith is categorized as "church" and "private," something to be eradicated from "public" student writing at the university, which is categorized as "state." Elsewhere, I have argued that strict sequestration is impossible, that a person's religious faith shapes everything she does (see, for example, "Coming"). As I drafted those arguments, a famous dictum of Abraham Kuyper, the Dutch theologian who influenced Reformed Christianity in America, caromed around in the back of my mind: "Oh, no single piece of our mental world is to be hermetically sealed off from the rest, and there is not a square inch in the whole domain of our human existence over which Christ, who is Sovereign over *all*, does not cry: 'Mine!'" (488). Kuyper's figured world of Jesus Christ as ruler of all aspects of human existence challenges the dominant image of a thick wall separating "church" and "state." While the separation of church and state may still dominate the thinking of teachers of writing and writing program administrators, some scholars have seen the alteration of this figured world as an opportunity to examine the relationship of religious faith and writing program administration (see Hansen; Vander Lei and Fitzgerald).

Furthermore, Gee demonstrates that people hold allegiances to multiple figured worlds simultaneously, allowing people to experience a sense of well-being when figured worlds coalesce: for example, when a writing program administrator, in an interview for a dean's position, describes the hard work she invested into a successful writing program, she enacts a coordinated set of typically American figured worlds: 1) hard work produces success, 2) a program's success is the personal achievement of its administrator, and 3) the success of the administrator should be rewarded by promotion (see Gee 88). For me, "hard work produces success" often converges with Jesus' parable of a widow who appeals to an uncaring judge so persistently that he eventually relents and rules justly (Matthew 18: 1-8). The convergence of these figured worlds conspires to make me something like relentless in my petitions to the dean for causes I believe to be just. Figured worlds collide, too, producing cognitive dissonance. When a dean at a neighboring college removed the administrator of a long-standing, successful academic program, I became frustrated, no doubt in part because the dean violated my pet figured world of "hard work produces

success.” Were the dean to argue that he did so to save the university money, for example, I would feel some cognitive dissonance because another of my pet figured worlds is “frugality is good.” And, of course, nothing more than a quick consultation of Wikipedia tells the story of the cognitive dissonance I experience when I rely on Abraham Kuyper’s theology, a theology that produces both a generative “square inch” depiction of common grace for me even as it was twisted by Afrikaners into support for loathsome Apartheid policies.

Gee argues that people take up figured worlds from “books and other media, and in knowledge we can gain from what other people say and do, and in what we can infer from various social practices around us” (81), to the extent that people can be “colonized’ by a good many figured worlds that have come to us without much reflection on our part about how well they fit our interests or serve us in the world” (89-90). Imagining academic administration as building renovation, I follow (and was undoubtedly shaped by) metaphors that others have used to describe administering writing programs—kitchen cooks, plate twirlers, troubadours, for example—images of chaos, and performance. To what extent do these images frame how we imagine our work? While the metaphor of building renovation shares some features with other metaphors for academic administration, I prefer it to the others because it also emphasizes planning, collaboration, and resilience. And as anyone who has been displaced by a building renovation can attest, building renovation is an exacting process, well-described by Laura Micche as “slow agency.” Micche emphasizes the cooperation of disparate people and activities: “agency is relational. It entails a conglomeration of resources and activities that exceed a single agent but engulf her in a field of energy and activity. A rush to action can reinforce illusions of linear cause-effect actions while also neglecting the larger scene of activity that constructs institutional decision-making. Deferral and/or slowing down can be useful in this regard” (78-9).

Both building renovation and academic administration require a careful architecture that addresses the needs of a variety of users and that accommodates the complex, interconnected systems of modern buildings and academic programs. Collaboration is the slow work of “relational agency” that produces not only a renovation plan but also a method for implementing it. Working collaboratively takes time, just as working carefully does. Consulting architectural drawings, construction teams and academic administrators make meticulous calculations, measuring twice and cutting once. The activities of renovating buildings and administering academic programs are inevitably dappled with surprises, since the blueprints on file never perfectly represent the building as built, just as an organizational chart is can never truly represent an academic department. In building renovation, surprises occur in a context of planned contingencies and collaborative discussions among members of the construction crew, architects, and building inhabitants like me. Perhaps the metaphor of renovation attracts me because I have been colonized by a religious tradition that proclaims to be “always reforming.” Perhaps I find Micche’s metaphor of “slow agency” appealing because I have seen how difficult it can be for a religious tradition to enact that credo.

When people hold allegiances to multiple figured worlds, they experience moments of intertextuality in which, according to Gee, “a text spoken or written in one variety of language (one social language) will accomplish a sort of switching by incorporating (‘borrowing’) words from another text spoken or written in the same or a different

variety of language" (58). These intertextual moments connect language and webs of meaning from one figured world to another, sometimes like a key in a lock, other times like a hammer on a straightening shim, or even, perhaps, as rebar in a concrete footing. Examples of such intertextuality are literally right in front of me: along the edge of the shelf above my computer screen is a line of sticky notes that hold adages I hope will help me reinvigorate both my administrative work and my spiritual growth. Some notes challenge the figured world "hard work produces success" by reminding me of another normal I profess: "everything flows from the grace of God." I discovered one of these notes, in a colleague's handwriting, on a stack of student essays when I returned to my office one evening after leading an afternoon colloquium on best (and worst) practices in grading: "If you graded with a rubric, you wouldn't still be here." Other sticky notes encourage me to make good on the figured world John Calvin envisions when he writes "the minds of the godly are rarely at peace."

These notes challenge me to search out novel approaches to seemingly intractable problems; they goad me to enliven the lifelong spiritual commitments that shape my academic administration and my spiritual life. For example, one note holds a line penned on a final exam by my former student Caitlan Spronk, a note in which she alludes to Jesus' parable of the good shepherd: "This is why we wander, to find the lost sheep." These words invariably remind me of the illustration that accompanied this parable in my childhood Bible story book: against dark, threatening skies, a young man grips a sapling as an anchor while he reaches into a crevasse to rescue a lamb. As a child, I responded to that romanticized picture in a way that was likely different from what the author had intended: rather than feeling comfort or reassurance, I was excited by the danger of the scene and the courage displayed by the shepherd. As an adult, I still respond to the story behind Caitlan's words with a thrill at the challenge to explore words and ideas in wild or even dangerous places. The most recently added note attests to how much I have been musing about influences on my spiritual life and my academic work. It contains a line from Kenneth Burke regarding chickens that run to their executioner because he rings the customary dinner bell: "Chickens not so well educated would have acted more wisely" (6). It reminds me to wonder what customary dinner bells I heed at my peril.

The oldest note lost its stickiness years ago: it rests at the foot of my computer screen. On this note are the "fruits of the spirit" from the New Testament book of Colossians: Compassion, kindness, humility, gentleness, patience, forgiveness, love. I first wrote this list to myself as a challenge: rather than attempt a major renovation, I thought, perhaps I should try something small, and, to be honest, I thought that enacting them might be easy. I thought I was following Anne Lamott's advice for living in "difficult, violent times": "I try to . . . take on short assignments and do shitty first drafts of my work, and most of all, take things day by day" (141). Honestly, I have found it terribly difficult to put these fruits of the spirit into practice because, as any homeowner knows, there's no such thing as a minor renovation. In critical moments, I look at the list skeptically: how could an administrator accomplish anything if she acted like that? Inevitably, that challenge turns toward reflection: how couldn't she? What might academic administration look like if I acted that way? And then it turns toward conviction as I think of friends, successful academic administrators who demonstrate these qualities of character and—as a consequence—built strong programs, sure, but also built up the people in those programs.

They prove to me that it is good to administer academic programs through acts of peace and love.

These notes are attempts at answering a single, persistent question: “How then shall I live?” It was long ago that I first read Virginia Chappell’s essay “Teaching—and Living—In the Meantime,” but I regularly return to it because her description of living in the “meantime—unnervingly provisional and tentative in its very naming” fits my allegiance to ongoing renovation and slow agency (40). Her confession that “commitment becomes more difficult when simplicity and truisms no longer suffice” depicts the complexity of the conundrums that believers and administrators encounter (44). Her conclusion that “without certainty, but with conviction, my faith gives me the energy and the courage to do my work in the academy” is the idea at the heart of this essay: too often I default to a speedier process of demolition and new construction rather than commit to living in the mess that is renovation (52).

Donald Hall attacks the default process of demolition and new construction by cataloging the “monologic attitudes and behaviors” that characterize “disastrous” department chairs: “Express disdain for the job” because it is a “wretched, powerless, and embarrassing post” (539); “Act as if your department is the center of the universe” (540); seek revenge, reward loyalty, and “weed out the weak by pitting colleague against colleague in a grand Darwinian struggle” (541); rely on someone else to do complicated or tedious tasks (542), delegate and then micromanage subordinates (543), and, finally, yell at the support staff to relieve stress (544-5). Halls’ delicious sarcasm destabilizes this dominant figured world, freeing us to construct alternative images, like renovation, for the work academic administrators. Searching for theological grounding for the slow agency of renovation, I have been reading authors who consider two themes, peaceableness and love, that help me hear new dinner bells. The first theme, peaceableness, is, in my mind, a sum of the first six fruits of the spirit; the second theme, love, centers on excess and extravagance that a Christian might associate with God’s grace.

Reading authors who address these themes, I explore what I, as a Christian and an academic administrator, have grown to believe and the figured worlds that define what I aspire to. I have found that these authors helpfully renovate the theology that is my air and water; the intertextuality of what I read keeps me always reforming my religious faith and my academic administration.

Peaceableness

Throughout his scholarship, Stanley Hauerwas, Gilbert T. Rowe professor of Theological Ethics at Duke Divinity School, considers how Christian virtues can foster a more peaceable human community. In an intellectual move that is likely to surprise and challenge many of my readers, Hauerwas argues that we have misunderstood how to live peaceably with others because we have ignored the “inherent relation between truthfulness and peacefulness” (15). Turning his attention to Christians, Hauerwas defines “truth” as the central claim of Christianity:

As Christians, we must maintain day in and day out that peace is not something

achieved *by our power*. Rather peace is a gift of God that comes only by our being in a community formed around a crucified savior—a savior who teaches us how to be peaceful in a world in rebellion against its true Lord. God’s peaceable kingdom, we learn, comes not by positing a common human morality, but by our faithfulness as a peaceful community that fears not our differences. (emphasis in the original, 12.)

Hauerwas argues that when Christians fail to acknowledge the substance of their religious faith, they contribute to a problematic figured world that approves forceful imposition of ideological commitments. Sharon Crowley notes the presence of this figured world in *Toward Civil Discourse* when she characterizes “this moment in American history [as] a discursive climate dominated by two powerful discourses: liberalism and Christian fundamentalism” (2). In her concluding pages, Crowley relies on this figured world for the strategies she suggests liberals use to change the minds of Christian fundamentalists. (Crowley offers no strategies for Christian fundamentalists to change the minds of liberals.) With deep reservations about the likelihood of their success, Crowley recommends three strategies: “demonstrate the superiority of alternative values,” “demonstrate the contingency of given values,” and “disarticulate[e] a particular belief system from the others with which it is articulated” (200-201). Were Hauerwas to ignore the dominating moves in Crowley’s first two strategies, he would likely applaud Crowley’s third strategy and build on it, arguing that the problematic “moment” Crowley describes results from Christians failing to examine their allegiance the problematic figured world of “America is a Christian nation.” Hauerwas challenges American Christians to renovate Christian community by disarticulating Christian belief from much of the current political posturing associated with it:

While appearing to be a resurgence of “traditional” religious conviction, some of these movements [the “upsurge of religious conservatism”] in fact give evidence of the loss of religious substance in our culture and in ourselves. Christianity is defended not so much because it is true, but because it reinforces the “American way of life.” Such movements are thus unable to contemplate that there might be irresolvable tensions between being a Christian and being “a good American.” (12)

To become peaceable, Hauerwas argues, Christians need to stop imagining themselves as the center of America’s story. Instead, we need “to learn to place ourselves in God’s history, to be part of God’s people” (33). The humility required to place oneself in God’s history is undoubtedly obvious to those who have read the Bible. The Bible’s Old Testament is filled with stories of domination and power, more than a few of them utterly unsuitable for that Bible story book from my childhood. And the history of Christianity can plausibly be framed as an ongoing human quest for domination and power, peppered with horrible, ironic stories of people using violence as a means to impose God’s peace. The cognitive dissonance is heavy: I find these stories repugnant; I want to pretend that they are not part of my story; I want to pretend that these people are not a part of my family. I want to deny them a place in my heart. And then the words that seem so small, so easy creep in—compassion, kindness, gentleness, patience, and, ugh, forgiveness. I cannot change these stories, but perhaps, with humility, I can live in God’s story even though it includes them. And perhaps I can add stories that figure a different world.

Secularizing Hauerwas' point, I think that when I served on that construction committee, I learned a little better how to be a part of Calvin's people and, consequently, a better administrator. I learned the names and specializations of co-workers from the Physical Plant division; I came to notice and appreciate a good HVAC system and effective storm drainage. I began to understand the Fine Arts Center as a building for the first time rather than as merely the location of the English Department. I became part of a heterogeneous community made up of people who were and were not like me.

Of course, when the committee discussed construction plans and considered budget cuts, this heterogeneity complicated our work, as it did in the Sunday School Anne Lamott once ran: "We did not exclude anyone, because Jesus didn't. On bad days, I could not imagine what he had been thinking" (68). In our work together, I suspect that I gave my colleagues from the physical plant a few of Anne Lamott's bad days. Early on, I was a troublesome member of the committee—emailing pie-in-the-sky design requests from the English faculty members; critiquing the number, size, and location of faculty offices; complaining that the men's and women's bathrooms, while of equal size, could not accommodate equal numbers of users. (Yes, I was the only female member of the committee.) More than once my colleagues from the physical plant must have questioned not only the value of my membership on the committee but also my competence as an administrator and—based on their off-hand comments about faculty—my competence to operate a machine or even dig a hole.

Once I began to understand the complexity of building construction, the raw physical effort it requires even of supervisors and architects, and the real-life consequences of making a mistake while removing asbestos or cutting cement block, I began to wonder along with them. When I commented in meetings, I sometimes wondered if they heard the voice that Anne Lamott did when she considered her inability to administer the Sunday School: "The mean voice said that when you don't have a clue what's going on, maybe it's better that you not be in charge of a lot of things, which is something I keep meaning to point out to George Bush" (66). Just as running a Sunday School was not what Anne Lamott imagined when she became a Christian, academic administration is not the work that most of us imagined when we became professors. It is work that most of us do day by day or, as Lamott would have it, bird by bird.

Perhaps we become more peaceable when we listen to the mean voice and consider how little preparation many of us have for this work, what little aptitude, how few mentors. And then we might wonder who we are trying to persuade otherwise, and why? Perhaps we become more peaceable when we ignore the mean voice, do the best we can, try to be content with "good enough," and accept that, contrary to a figured world in which power and domination produce tidiness, a peaceable world often includes some amount of Sunday School chaos. Perhaps we become peaceable when we consider that maybe other academic administrators, like the dean and the provost with whom we must collaborate, are also trying to listen to and to ignore the mean voice, trying to be "good enough," and trying to imagine chaos as a form of peaceableness.

Love

If peaceableness is rooted in knowing and acknowledging the figured worlds that

are a part of our story, then love might be rooted in our willingness to respect and accept people who are not like us and figured worlds that are not our own. In his theorizing, Kenneth Burke demonstrates this kind of respect and acceptance by using religious writers like Augustine and religious concepts like consubstantiation without feeling compelled to decide for or against them. For example, Burke concludes the first section of *Grammar of Motives* by echoing the Pauline triad: "And now these three remain: faith, hope, and love. But the greatest of these is love" (I Corinthians 13:13). Kenneth Burke writes, "Love, Knowledge, and Authority: Three basic ideals, variously embodied in structures of power, and all liable to such transformations as make of them a mockery. As translated into the terms of social organization, they are necessarily at odds. But in moments of exaltation, ideally, we may think of them as a trinity, standing to one another in relation of mutual reinforcement" (124). Substituting knowledge and authority for faith and hope, Kenneth Burke levels the relationship among members of the triad and puts them in dialogic tension that, ultimately, allows them to fortify one another. Choosing to echo St. Paul, Burke demonstrates his respect for a figured world that privileges faith, hope, and love. Writing his own text, Burke expands beyond that figured world. As anyone who has read him knows, Kenneth Burke can make things seem easier than they are for the rest of us, but if we draw on experiences in which we have loved people enough to join our story to theirs, even though these people differ from us in ways that we may find maddening, we might be able to imagine a way to collaborate with them and to accept the renovating force of ideas that are not our own.

Two authors, Anne Lamott and Stephen Webb, turn to improbable-sounding Christian ideas to help their readers imagine the possibility of loving others and their ideas.

Being willing to respect and accept what we find different or even odious seems impossible, as Anne Lamott demonstrates in her struggles to respect and accept George W. Bush, a fellow Christian, at the start of the Iraq War:

I can't exactly forgive him right now, in the sense of canceling my resentment and judgment. But maybe I can simply acknowledge what is true, spiritually—that he gets to come to the table and eat, too; that I would not let him starve. In heaven, I may have to sit next to him, and in heaven, I know that I will love him. On earth, however, when I consider that he is my brother, and I am to love him, I'm reminded of the old Woody Allen line that someday the lion shall lie down with the lamb, but the lamb isn't going to get any sleep. So I will pray to stop hating him, and that he will not kill so many people today. (144)

Lamott approaches the impossible by invoking what likely seems an improbable figured world to many: she envisions life on earth and then in heaven; only in heaven can she imagine sharing a meal with George W. Bush. Until then, the best love she can muster is a commitment to stop hating him. Such a small step may strike some readers as a pretty shitty first draft of love, but most of us know how difficult those shitty first drafts can be. It may be that a commitment to stop hating is enough for now.

Theologian Stephen Webb argues that Christians must engage "a hyperbolic imagination [that] would open our myopic visions to God's unbounded love, the impossible priority of the other, and the unreal hope in ultimate redemption" (140). Hyperbole is

the trope of choice for Christians, according to Webb, because it enables them to hold the real and the seemingly unreal in productive, dialogic tension: "Christianity, through its doctrine of original sin, sees the world as it actually is, that is, governed by calculative self-interest, yet Christianity also imagines that the world is really what it apparently is not: full of love and grace" (282). Hyperbole provides language that is extraordinary enough, magnificent enough for implausible tales in which a loving father receives his prodigal son with joy and kills a fatted calf to celebrate. Living in a figured world of hyperbolic imagination, according to Webb, is characterized ". . . not [by] a fruitless self-denial aimed at some otherworldly reward, or an impotent and frustrated act of rebellion against the restraints of economic rationality, but [by] a sacrificial affirmation of the restless movement that already constitutes who we are" (295). For those of us who struggle to enact Kenneth Burke's seemingly easy accommodation of people and their ideas, perhaps extravagance and hyperbole offer a way to get over ourselves and beyond the constraints of our normal pictures of the world so that our academic administration looks less like Donald Hall's Darwinian struggle and more like cooperative, restless, renovating agency.

Will my administrative work ever be fully renovated so that peace and love are at its core? In Burkean moments of exaltation I can picture the building that could rise from the blueprints I've described here; on bad days, the ones Anne Lamott calls "Good Friday days," I see only snaking lines of conduit, positioned a foot too low to accommodate a standard-height classroom ceiling and a heat pump that passed its stress test only to fail once it was no longer easily accessible. But like the Fine Arts Center, academic administration is a kind of home for me, and I will continue to renovate it by following the best practices of planning carefully, cooperating with others, and trying to be content with "good enough." And it may be that making a commitment to continuing the renovation is good enough for now.



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